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MAGNANIMITY.

A P O E M.

WITH

The CHARACTERS of some of
the greatest Men of the AGE.

By ROBERT MONCRIEFF.

Ferrum, pollece animum ————— *Juv.*
Nemo est magnus sine aliqua afflatu divino unquam fuit. Cic.
Minds of great Minds march before us like Princes, and are to
the vulgar Race of Mankind rather Subjects for their Admi-
ration than Example. Spectator.

Life itself is well employ'd when 'tis hazarded for Liberty, nor
can any Thing be too dear when Freedom is the purchase.
True Briton.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold at the Booksellers and
Pamphlet Shops of London and Westminster. MDCCXXXV.

(Price One Shilling.)

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A
POEM.

WITH

The CHARACTERS of some of
the greatest Men of the AGE.

BY ROBERT HONORIEFF.



Life is a dream, and the world is a stage;
We are but players, and our time is brief;
To live as angels, and to die as saints,
Is the true end of human life and strife.
To live as beasts, and to die as beasts,
Is the true end of human life and strife.
To live as men, and to die as men,
Is the true end of human life and strife.
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MONTROUDUCITION.

Life, and all the Invektives of a great Number of mercenary Writers, have not been once able to ruffle or discompose his Temper. The Attack made upon his Great Enemy (as bold an Action as I believe our English History can mention) was not made in Hugger-mugger or in the Dark: He charged him openly and with Particulars; (a) but since he could not prevail on that High Tribunal to which he appealed to examine into those Particulars, he scorned to publish them to the rest of the World. His Behaviour with respect to his Friends has been no less Magnanimous. When an Attempt was made upon the Life of One (b) of them, he immediately offered Five hundred Pounds, in the publick Papers, to any Person who should discover the Assassin, or to the Villain himself, if he would but confess by whom he was employed.

Tho' he never lost his Temper in answering the most scurrilous Invektive against himself, yet when the late Mr. Addison was impudently attacked even by a Ministerial Writer, he could not forbear publishing a warm Vindication of him; tho' his Zeal for his deceased Friend cost him a much larger Sum of Money (c) than his present unhappy Circumstances could admit of.

I hear that the late Mr. Addison has not now one Relation in plentiful Circumstances, besides his only Daughter, who is too young as yet to know the Value of her Father. If she lives to Years of Discretion, and has a right-turned Mind, she will value herself much more upon being related to such a Father, and such a Kinsman, than "if (to use the Words of Phalaris) she had been descended " from a long worthless Race of Kings and Princes." (d)

I am far from imagining, that either the Thoughts or the Words of the following Poem come up to the Dignity of the Subject; the Sublime in Writing, being certainly necessary to a true Description of the Sublime in Life. I can only pretend to a little Merit in having essay'd to do Justice to the Magnanimity of an unfortunate Gentleman; though I doubt not but those little Minds, who think that

(a) In his Petition to the King, delivered to his Majesty before a numerous Assembly, with his own Hands.

(b) Captain Guy Dickens, at present his Majesty's Minister at the Court of Berlin.

(c) The B E E is said to have been suppressed for his having vindicated Mr. Addison against the Aspersions of Mr. Osborne.

(d) See the Epistle of Phalaris to Anacharsis, p. 174. in the Life of the late Earl of Orrery.

MONITORIAL DUPLICATION.

Greatness is always accompanied with outward Pomp and Splendor, will be produced against me on this very Account: But they may think or say whatever they please; the Censure of such Men will always give me much less Uneasiness than their Approbation. All the Persons who are mentioned in the following Poem, have distinguished themselves by their strenuous Opposition to some certain Measures; and it is extremely remarkable, that the Merit of some of these Gentlemen is so glaring and conspicuous, that even the best Writers who have drawn their Pens in favour of the Minister, have frankly confessed it. I could give a great many Instances of what I assert, but shall content myself with one or two, and shall make choice of such only as are in Verse, that they may give some Spirit and Variety to my Introduction.

The best Poem that has been wrote in Praise of the Minister, (and to the Author of which he gave a noble Reward) is the Counter-part to the State Dunces. In the fifth Page of this Poem, are the following Lines

D'ANVERS, thy Name includes a pow'rful Band,
Wit, Learning, Envy, there go Hand in Hand:
There lively Bo—gentle severe,
Whose Sense is Sterling, and whose Dictions clear,
Hopes by his Satire to redeem his Post,
And gain by Wit, what Treachery has lost.
There Bu—Poison spreads, but Cloaks his Rage,
And Ape's the Stoick through the labour'd Page;
Tho' Calm and Smooth th'envenom'd Periods glide,
His Warmth discovers what his Art would hide:
This little Champion for Britannia's Cause,
Whose Quill protects our Liberties and Laws,
Who once rul'd Modes with Spectatorial Air,
And wrote Instructions to improve the Fair;
Now undertakes to criticise the Great,
And dubs himself the Censor of the State,
Wou'dst thou be still caref'd, still entertain,
Mistaken Bard! resume thy pleasing Vein;
Thro' ev'ry Maze the fond Coquet pursues,
Lay all her Foibles open to her View,

Make

INTRODUCTION.

Make her desist from each affected Grace,
 And rest contented with her nat'ral Face.
 Let Dress of Beaux employ thy utmost Care,
 Check monstrous Fashions, lash the Solitaire;
 Let growing Follies rouse thee to the War,
 Nature has trac'd thee out this Path to fame,
 And BU———LE's thus may match his *Kinsman's* Name.

I don't know whether Mr. Budgell is one of the Authors of the Craftsman or not, since he has solemnly denyed his having wrote some of those Papers which have been imputed to him; but he has put his Name to some Political Pieces, in which the love of Liberty and our Country are recommended in so noble and strong a Manner, that, I believe, none but a Friend of the Minister's, would advise him to change his Subject; and to endeavour once more to excite in that witty and agreeable Manner, for which his Spectators are so remarkable.

The best Poem next to the foregoing, which has been wrote in praise of this same Minister, is entitled, Peace; A Pastoral Poem. It sets forth, in an elegant Manner, all the Blessings of Peace; shews that we are obliged for them to the Care of this Great Man, and is a Dialogue between two Shepherds, Damon and Menalcas, wrote in Imitation of that Divine Eclogue in Virgil, beginning Sicelides Musæ, &c. In the sixth Page of this Poem, I find the following Lines:

Dam. Had I, A Pu———ty's Wit, and nervous Sense,
 Had I his Art, his manly Eloquence!
 My Song would then, even Pu———ty's Rage disarm,
 And Walpole's Virtue future Ages charm.
Men. Could I, my Damon, sing in BU———LE's strain,
 Were I but bless'd with his melodious Vein;
 Could I my Gratitude to him impart,
 Or find the Means to equal him in Art;
 I'd then with Pleasure chant the Patriot's praise,
 And deathless Virtue, sing in deathless Lays:
 The list'ning Thames should check his silver Stream,
 Charm'd with the Song, enamour'd with the Theme.

I N T R O D U C T I O N

I find the last of these Gentlemen is likewise complimented after the following Manner, upon his writing the celebrated Dream or Vision upon AMBITION.

When Jove descends, his Godhead to recline,
His Fancy wakes in Images Divine;
His Dreams are Golden, he but seems to nod,
Imperial Reason wakes, and speaks the God.
Such Dreams thy regular Confusions paint,
In Colours bold, in Contrast elegant;
In sable Reason brilliant Fancy plays,
Dark is the Foible, to the Diamond's Rays.
In Thee ——— judicious Addison revives,
And join'd in both, the genuine Maro lives.
Bright Colours, solid Judgement, dress the Scene,
Like English Oaks upon the verdant Green.
The modern Accuracy points thy Strain,
And learn'd Antiquity adorns thy Vein.

But if the first Part of this Poem shows the Author of it an Admirer of this Gentleman, the following Lines with which he concludes shows him likewise to be a Friend to the Minister.

Yet, tho' thy Page can ballance Good and Ill,
And view the distant Rocks of human Will;
To simple Truth thy noble Soul unbend,
And be admonish'd by thy little Friend —
Lift not thyself in Clans of phevish Men,
Who weekly Nurse the sickly Child of Spleen;
We know their Poisons, and confess their Sense,
But conscious Virtue is its own Defence.
Their poignant Touch, with innate Worth secure,
What but the Sterling Metal could endure!
Satires oblique thy well-turn'd Thoughts despise,
Detraction bold the Minister defies:
Vacant yet vigilant, he steers his Way,
Serene, and steady as the God of Day:
&c. &c.

Gentlemen

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Gentlemen must be possessed of an uncommon Merit, who even while they are opposing the Measures of a Minister, can extort such Confessions as these from his Friends; and since the very Adversaries of these Gentlemen have been forced to allow them thus much, no impartial Reader can be surprized that I have given them somewhat more. I only wish that Gratitude, which is an inseparable Companion to Magnanimity, may not carry one of them too far in a certain Affair; and therefore hope, that if he must publish the Works of his deceased Benefactor, he will at least add nothing of his own to them by way of Comment; if he should, he may possibly pay too dear for his Legacy, though it was no inconsiderable one.

Magnanimity never exerts itself to a nobler Purpose than in the Cause of Liberty; and therefore I cannot think I have deviated from my Subject, in drawing the Characters of some of those Illustrious Persons of the present Age (besides those abovementioned) who have exerted themselves in this glorious Cause. I am sensible that I ought to have dwelt much longer upon the Character of each of these Gentlemen, in order to have placed it in a full Light; yet in the short Sketches which I have given my Readers, I have endeavoured at least to hit upon the Characteristick, which distinguishes these Illustrious Persons from one another, and from the rest of Mankind.

While I was celebrating the Assertors of Liberty, it was scarce possible for me not to say something in praise of Liberty itself. I would not, however, by any means be thought to aim at measuring my Launce with my Countryman Mr. Thompson, who has lately obliged the World with an excellent Poem upon this Subject. I shall be satisfied if those who admired his Poem will but endure mine. I am pleased to find that this Gentleman seems to have a real Notion, and a true Feeling of the Subject he writes upon, as appears by the following Lines in his Description of an antient Roman Senate.

Behold Rome's Demi-Gods, in Senate met;
All Head to Counsel, and all Heart to act:
The Common-weal inspiring every Tongue
With fervent Eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
E're low Corruption taught the servile Herd
To know a Master's Voice.

The

The foregoing Lines are of a Piece with the following, which the same Author formerly put into the Mouth of Britannia, when he drew her reflecting on the scandalous Manner in which her degenerate Sons were used by the Spaniards.

See, unchastis'd, th'Insulting Spaniard dares
 Infest the trading Flood. Full of vain War,
 Despise my Navies, and my Merchants feize;
 As trusting to false Peace, they fearless roam
 The World of Waters wild, made by the Toil,
 And liberal Blood of glorious Ages, mine:
 Nor bursts my sleeping Thunder on their Head.
 Whence this unwonted Patience? this weak Doubt?
 This tame Beseeching of rejected Peace?
 This meek Forbearance? this unactive Fear,
 To generous Britons, never known before?

Mr. Thompson and I, if we will speak Truth, must both of us confess, that too many of our Countrymen, the North Britons, have of late Years, given but poor Proofs either of Magnanimity, or of their Love of Liberty. Their Love of Money seems to have been their predominant Passion: It must however be allowed, that many of our Writers, and particularly the immortal Buchanan, have drawn Liberty in the most beautiful Colours. His Majesty has called a new House of Commons. A new Scene of Affairs is opening; and if our Parliament-Men will but Vote with the same Spirit and Honesty with which our Poets have Wrote, we may hope to see Better Times.

If I have imitated any Author in the following Poem, it is Shakespear, an Author whom I am sure all who prefer Noble Sentiments to the Jingle of Rhimes and Melodious Nonsense, will readily allow deserves to be imitated.

MAGNA-

(7)



MAGNANIMITY.



MAGNANIMITY! uplift my Muse,

Thou that canst raise the lowest; lest she lag

With unbecoming Meanness when she sings

Thy mighty Influence in unfetter'd Verse.

Of all created Beings ev'ry Kind
Through ev'ry Individual discerns
Its proper Good; and well directed on
By Reason or by *Instinct*, each is skill'd
To find the Means: the same are their Desires,

And

And uniform their Actions. Men alone
 Differ from one another and themselves
 In wide respect : by strangely different Ways
 They seek out *Happiness* : delusive still
 The Fantom in an hundred different Shapes
 Attracts their Wish. Sometimes in lordly *Pomp*
 Blazing she's seen, with Scepter in her Hand,
 And Reverence and obedient Duty by.
 Sometimes like *Wealth* to close pursuit she draws
 The covetous ; who Misery instead
 And black Vexation find. She's courted oft
 In loose Attire, with *Pleasure* in her Train
 And young fallacious *Love*. Nor seldom shews
 Like merry *Bacchus*, holding out a Cup
 That's deem'd replete with Medicine of Care.
 Full oft like *Luxury* the curious Eye,
 And ev'ry nicer Appetite of Sense,
 With Pageants, or with Delicacies pleas'd,

She boasts with constant Ravishment to fill
For-ever changing, fashion'd by Conceit
Of different Men; who with uncurb'd Desire
Through all the Paths of Vanity pursue:
Mad Eagerness! or inept to find,
Or cursing mean Enjoyment, tasteless, dull,
And transitory: fugitive she thuns
Their wishful Arms, like that ambiguous God,
Who capable (as antient Poets sing)
Of ev'ry Shape that Earth, or Sea, or Sky
Contains in spacious Element, at Will
Shifted his Form, and in a Moment fled
The Sight or Touch. O miserable Man
Ill-prompted! MAGNANIMITY! if thou
Deny thy Inspiration, thus he toils
For *unsubstantial*, thou alone direct'st
To *real* Bliss, not mutable and fleet,
But permanent, residing in the Mind

The Mind that's warm'd by thy transporting Fire
 Is it's own Heav'n; where Happiness appears
 With other Ornament, as Reason bright;
 And fair as Virtue, beauteous still to charm
 Reflection's Eye, that never deviates
 After the duller Pleasures of the Sense.
 Such heav'nly and unpalling Bliss is won
 Always by thee; it is thy constant Gift,
 Great sublimating Pow'r! (if other Name
 Better exprefs thy Influence be it thine;
 I'll call thee M A G N A N I M I T Y.) The Man
 Whom thou abstractest from the low pursuit
 Of vulgar and unsatisfying Things
 In spite of outward Circumstance is blest.

Let Fortune with capricious Choice select
 Her worthless Minions, and their worthier doom
 T' inferior Station; at our Origin

(II)

We were upon a Level, and may be
Upon a Level still : nor high *Command*,
Nor *Titles*, nor Sight-captivating *Pomp*,
Nor Heaps of *Wealth*, nor undeserv'd *Remedy*,
The mean Possessor can exalt in *Bliss*,
Or real Worth, above the simple Hind
Who combats sharp-tooth'd *Penury* with *Toil*;
If *MAGNANIMITY* vouchsafe to give
A single Spark of her celestial Flame.

By her the weak are strong, the low are high :
She can enrich the poor, and fill their Minds
With satisfying *Bliss* : *Calamity*
When she withstandeth finds her fiercest *Ills*
Awarded stingless : him that she protects
What can o'erwhelm ! Not ev'n th' acute'st Pain
Or Death's presented Horrors : fixt he stands
Like the firm Rock unshaken, that defies

The

The loud affailing Fury of the Winds.

The Force of Tempests, and the Rage of Seas.

Gods! give me **MAGNANIMITY** By her

When uninspired what is ~~wretched~~ Man!

Irresolute, and impotent to bear

The slightest Shock of accidental Ill,

Poor, mean, and cowardly: when Fortune smiles

However insolent, whene'er she frowns

Submits and heartless, driv'n from fancy'd Good

Like Summer-living Flies, which Winter sweeps

At first approaching from the Face of Day.

Impartially selected who shall swell

And dignify my Song? Example fit

To shew that **MAGNANIMITY** can arm

Against Misfortune's most inveterate Ire?

BUDGELL

BUDGEELL is fittest: him the Muse approves:
 And were he ten times lower than he is;
 Did Prejudice and Calumny withstand,
 And spit their foulest Venom on his Name,
 His most heroick Suffering wou'd the praise;
 Not unadvent'rous, howsoere unskill'd,
 Be they whose Bosoms never felt a Pang
 For other's Wrongs; who never dropt a Tear
 To silent Sorrow, for oppressed Worth
 Far, far away; and such as little mind
 Internal Honour, with external smit:
 (No Titles, no Retinue does he want,
 Better enobled:) come ye generous, come
 Ye Sons of MAGNANIMITY, and hear
 What Weight of sore Affliction he endur'd
 With unsubmitting Courage; strengthen'd well
 By her effectual Energy divine!

Let's first behold him in his *Summer-days*
 When all was hush; when fierce *Adversity*
 As yet asleep had not begun to brew
 Her *Winter-form*: we may defy him then
 If not in wealthiest yet in happiest State:
 Enrich'd by middle Fortune, he not sought
 With ardor of Ambition, nor declin'd
 With Hermit-disregard, what self
 Is worthless, but as Means of doing Good
 Full-estimable: he refus'd not Place
 Of Pow'r or fair Advantage; but his Sense,
 His nicer Sense of Virtue made him turn
 A vile Condition: nor could certain Loss
 Without such Tenure, to Compliance bend
 His firm and uncorrupted Honesty.
 Then all were charm'd with his distinguish'd way,
 And made a Chorus to the Voice of Fame;



None proving niggard of deserv'd Applause
His *fine* and *happy Genius* well improv'd
With antient Authors, nor unpolish'd
By justest *Observation*, was proclaim'd
So loudly that self-censorious
In Silence. Then the greatest were his Friends
Nor HALLIFAX nor ADELPHI
To swell the Number; the *Maccus* one,
And one the *Virgil* of a modern Age,
Renowned ADELPHI not *Mure* self
With greater Judgment and Correctness wrote,
Or higher-sounding Verse; the Mantuan Mule
Ne'er warbled sweeter. BUDGE to the one
By Blood conjoin'd, by closest Fellowship
Of Kindred-Souls united to them both;
(Nor yet the last in thy deserv'd Esteem,
Muse! of the great Triumvirate) was far
Beyond *Misfortune's* reach, which then display'd,

They

A

A waiting fitter Opportunity
 No Symptom of her Anger: ~~she had found~~
 Threefold Resistance; and ~~her beavies~~ Ills
 Had been prevented, or at worst made light
 By kind Division: But when ~~Dear~~ ~~disloyal~~
 This Union else indissoluble, ~~frat~~
 With unexpected Violence she pour'd
 On him devoted all her ~~treasur'd~~ ~~Stock~~:
 Him single she attack'd on ~~every~~ ~~Side~~
 With loosen'd Malice: What could then avail
 His plenteous Fortune, or his ~~many~~ ~~d Friends~~?
 We see him of his Fortune soon dispoil'd
 Inherited or purchas'd; by a Train
 Of such ~~oppressive~~, such ~~ungenerous~~ ~~Acts~~,
 So villainous, so cruel, and so mean,
 As all the Histories of ancient Times
 Or Modern cannot parallel: That lost
 His faithless Friends deserted him: ~~even~~ ~~they~~.

They

They whom his *Interest* or his *Bounty* rais'd
 Knew him no more! What mighty *Difference*
 Does heav'nly *MAGNANIMITY* create
 'Twixt Man and Man! Two high-distinguish'd *BOYLE'S*,
 Father and Son, in midst of his Distress
 Began a glorious *Friendship*; all others struck
 With Terror at his *Sufferings* declin'd
 Farther Communion, or still safer turn'd
 Their Love to Enmity. A noble *Sag*
 Doom'd to Destruction, thus the wary *Head*
 Unkindly shun, or drive with butting *Horns*
 (Whom late they reverenc'd, dreaded and obey'd)
 Back to his merciless Pursuer: This,
 This unexpected Treachery is worse
 Than Fate itself; 'tis this that brings the *Tear*
 Down from his innocent Eye. What cou'd uphold
 BUDGELL against the Treachery of Friends!
 It came not unexpected; Well he knew

They all wou'd shun him in the *stormy* Day :
 Unconfident in *else* his greatest Trust
 Was in *himself* ; sufficient he *himself*
 Confirm'd by *MAGNA* *IMMITY* : Tho' robb'd
 Of all his Substance, tho' by all his Friends
 Forsaken, and on *every* Side assail'd
 Yet he endur'd ; fore-hurt, yet he was left
 Unconquerable : fierce Misfortune saw
 Her Impotence, and murmuring retir'd.
 Thus when the Winds some strong-built Ship invade
 Forth-rushing sudden with collected Might
 Stormy, Tumultuous, tho' perhaps they tear
 Her Shrouds and Tackle, or break down her Masts,
 And whirl her Rigging off ; tho' faithless Seas
 Rous'd from their lowest Caverns, ceaseless dash
 Against her Sides, her Sides well-rib'd remain
 Impregnable, resisting all the force

Of Seas and Winds; which, all their Fury spent,
Baffled return, and cease their horrid Roar.

Thus BUDGEELL suffer'd, thus was unsubdu'd:

Thus godlike MAGNANIMITY inspires

With Courage to withstand the fiercest Ills:

She gives an inward *independent Bliss*,

Not fugitive at the capricious Change

Of Fortune's Favour; or the dismal Gloom

Of black Adversity: She fills the Soul

With inextinguishable Fire, that bursts

Like Cloud-dispelling *Phabus*, thro' the Gloom

With heighten'd Ardor, What can overwhelm

Th'enkindled Spirit which ascends on high

With strong Propensity! Tho' forced down

Like a full Bladder underneath the Wave

By Weight, yet soon it boyeth up again

Elastick, thro' the Impediments of Ill.

Nor

Nor is an inward independent Bliss
 Her only Gift, what does not she procure
 Divine Effulgence! bright ethereal Source
 Of all that's wonderful! 'Tis she that gives,
 Sole-meriting, an everlasting Fame,
 Ev'n Titles, Honours, Dignity and Pow'r
 She well may Challenge for her mighty Sons;
 All these were the Rewards of glorious Deeds
 In better Times, tho' blindly now conferr'd
 On Fortune's Fav'rites: Be it so: Whilst such
 Beneath the Dignity of Notice lie
 In dead Oblivion, the bestow'd Renown
 That lasteth thro' Futurity: Whilst such
 In Pride of outward Honour can attain
 Nought but the Praise of Flatterers, ev'n here
 High Estimation is acquir'd by her.

When

When burning strongly for the publick Weal
 She lightens in a Blaze of Eloquence,
 And sends her Thunder from the Patriot's Tongue,
 Or when she warms with more than mortal Flame
 The Choice heroick Instruments of Heav'n
 To curb th'unbridled Pow'r of Tyranny,
 And set the Nation free, when thus she shews
 Her full-exerted Influence; who can hide
 The raptur'd Admiration of his Soul?
 Who does not speak it in sincere Applause?
 If she direct, from Virtue's common Track
 (Not wide enough for their expanded Thoughts)
 Some nobly deviate, and strike out new Paths:
 Where Comet-like *irregular* they move,
 And fix th'Attention of a wond'ring World.
 Those who delect them in the rightest View,
 That vain Reward of censur'd Worth;
 They pluck the Bubble of Glory; the they win
 In a false Light: The from the Motion of Fools
 In a false Light: The from the Motion of Fools

To these distinguish'd *Paramounts* that scorn
 The vulgar Way, these *Demi-gods* that mount

Above Mankind, the foremost Place is due
 In th' everlasting Chronicle of Fame :
 To these the Sons of MAGNANIMITY ;
 Not to th' ambitious bloody Sons of Mars,
 Who kindled by a wild infernal Fire
 (Fierce Impulse ! how unlike the Flame that warms
 The virtuous Hero, sprung from Heav'n itself,
 Pure and well-temper'd !) o'er the Nations rush,
 And thin Mankind with havock-making War,
 To be reputed Gods : Presumptuous Men !
 Tho' by th'unjudging Vulgar deify'd,
 Whose dazled Eye their impious Grandeur sees
 In a false Light : Tho' from the Mouth of Fools
 They pluck the Bubble Glory ; tho' they win
 That vain Reward of counterfeited Worth ;
 Those who descry them in the rightest View,

Descry

Desery them like the Fiends, or Pestilence,
 Whose horrid Progress is attended still
 By Death and Desolation. What's divine
 In purchasing a Victory, could (the Sword
 When drunk with Blood, could Violence and War,
 Howe'er unjust, acquire a true Renown
 To Conquerors, the same with rightful Plea
 Thousands of barbarous Origin might claim;
 Thousands whose brutish Ferocity was awak'd
 By th'ignominious Appetite of Spoil.
 How oft has *Scythia* sent her Armies forth
 Under successful Leaders? *Vandals*, *Huns*,
 And *Goths*? Which irresistible overwhelm'd
 The Fields of fruitful *Italy*; beneath
 Whose mighty Numbers *Rome* herself subdued,
 Imperial *Rome*! the Work of Ages! fell?
 'Tis thus they mount the Wonder of a World;
 'Tis thus they conquer, whose Ambition joins
 Their glorious Names to the great Conquerors
 Whose Benefactors, whose Ambition joins
 Their glorious Names to the great Conquerors
 Shall

Shall they who burning with untam'd Desire
 Of Pow'r or Glory, murder half their Kind,
 Not less Barbarians (for whoever treads
 On Just and Right, is barbarous) be renowned
 Like these who fervent to resemble Gods,
 Watch o'er their Brethren with peculiar Care?
 Shall they who battle Liberty and Peace
 Superlatively villainous, be fam'd
 Above the meanest opposite who fights
 These precious heav'nly Blessings to preserve,
 Altho' to brutal Violence he prove
 Unequal Match, and perish in th' Attempt?
 The first of Heroes, they who make Approach
 The nearest to Divinity acquire
 A true Renown, by being greatly good.
 'Tis thus they strive to outdo all in Arms;
 'Tis thus they mount the Wonder of a World;
 It's Benefactors, whose Ambition join'd
 Shall

Decri
 And

And rul'd by Virtue is attemper'd well.
 They seek not Laurels by a War unjust,
 Nor arrogate Dominion with the Sword:
 If that's unsheath'd 'tis in the glorious Cause
 Of Freedom and of Virtue, then they're prompt
 For sharp Contention; then they're seen the first
 In Acts of mighty Prowess; whilst they save
 Kingdoms and Empires from the dreadful Power
 Of Tyrants, or attempt to save Success;
 If Reason judge, has nought to do with Fame.
 Such was NASSOVIAN WILLIAM, Britain's King,
 (Greater than him styl'd Conqueror) a Prince
 In whom the Patriot and the Hero met,
 Who touch'd with mighty Love of Humankind,
 With glorious Struggle labour'd to withstand
 Ambition's Course and strike th' Oppressor down.
 For this survey him shining at the Head

Of Armies. See him rushing on for this

To Desperate Battle first of all his Host!

Not all his Host, nor ev'n all *Europe* held,

When fighting for her in the Field of Death,

A more undaunted Warrior than himself,

For sharp Contention; then they're seen the first

O Liberty! thou Sun of Humankind!

Whose lovely Radiance where'er it beams

Chears up the Heart and makes all Nature smile,

Less'ning each Ill, and sweet'ning every Sweet,

To these heroick Patriots who prevent

Or dissipate the Gloom of Tyranny,

Which stops thy bright Effulgence, what Applause,

What Gratitude, what Veneration shall

Depriv'd of thine Effulgence Life itself

Is comfortless, in melancholy Night

Wrapt up: then Happiness displays her Wings,

And like a Swallow to thy Sunshine flies

In better Realms. Thou source of ev'ry Joy,
 Thou first essential Blessing, as the Moon
 Borrows her Light from *Phœbus*, so from thee
 Does heav'nly **MAGNANIMITY** inhale
 Her strongest Fires then rous'd to thy Defence
 What will not her exalted Sons perform,
 Patriots, who like the Gods beneficent,
 Study to bless Mankind? These throw away
 Respect of *Life*, and think it well bestow'd
 To save thee from a Violation foul:
 That is their fervent Wish: Affections dear,
 Paternal Love, and Friendship's sacred Vow,
 Are weak Incentives when compared with that,
 The greatest Motive which can rouse the Mind.
 The first stern *Brutus* sacrific'd his Sons
 To *Liberty*; the second offer'd up
 His Benefactor, and his Friend; to her
 (Tho' with less Pain he offer'd up himself)

For

For her *Timoleon*, shed his Brother's Blood,
Timoleon, Scourge of Tyrants: (And shall we
 Against th'Invader hesitate to fight
 With whom we're not united by the Tie
 Either of Blood or Friendship?) What can prompt
 Like Liberty, to wondrous Exercise
 Of patient Courage? Fir'd with Love of her
 When godlike *Cato*, thro' the barren Wilds
 Of *Africk* journey'd; *Rome's* last free Remains
 Following with slow-pac'd March, the barren Wilds
 And rugged Rocks of *Africk* gilded o'er
 By Freedom's heav'nly Radiance, in his Eye
 Were more delectable than fruitful Fields
 Of *Latium*, by stern Tyranny usurp'd:
 These he forsook for *Libin*, and explor'd
 Her trackless Defarts, unsubst'd by Toil
 Or scorching Heat: the Helmet offer'd up
 Brim-full of Water from a scanty Fount.
 None

None left for others, see with what Disdain
 He dashes from him! To his wondering Friends,
 Thus shewing that himself can suffer all
 For *Liberty*. — But where, unthinking Muse,
 Where art thou rapt? Descend to *present Times*,
 Nor those who mounted a much higher Pitch
 Than thou canst follow with Ideas weak
 Presuming seek to sing. Even in this Age
 There are not wanting who deserve a Place
 Among Antient *Patriots*; some whose noble Souls,
 Warm and intrepid in their *Country's* Cause,
 Incessant struggle to prevent Encroach
 Upon her Native Rights. Inspired Verse
 When they the Theme would ev'ry *British* warm
 That is not senseless grown; that Harbours still
 Some inborn Love of *Liberty*: But him
 Whose Mind is slavish highest-sounding Notes
Tyrtaean or *Pindaric* cannot move;
 Ev'n PULTENEY's matchless Eloquence is vain:

PULTENEY, whom MAGNANIMITY incites
 With all her Fires the *British* Cats, arm
 And resolute as him of *Rome*, to check
 Corruption, and her Sister *Luxury*;
 Those baneful Plagues, that with Appearance smooth,
 (More to be dreaded than th' imperious Frown
 Of high-strain'd rough *Prerogative* itself)
 Spreading their all-dissolving Influence,
 Attack our *Constitutions*, and alas!
 If future Times no future PULTENEY boast,
 Will overturn, tho' built on *Equity*,
 And by *Perfection's* Hand. May PULTENEY live!
 So says the Voice of Thousands; are not all
 Who have an honest uncorrupted Heart
 Full-sensible of his Paternal Care,
 Who fights with noble Ardor to preserve
 The Joys of *Liberty* for latest Times
 Pure and untainted? Soaring thus the Course
 Which leads to high and everlasting Fame.



Nor does the Soul of CHARTERED, enrich'd
With all the *Learning* and bright *Eloquence*
Of *Greece* and *Rome*, with lesser *Andor* burn,
Nor thine, O TWEEDALE, for the publick Weal:
Unblemish'd TWEEDALE, who has never swerv'd
From *Freedom's* Interest, or his *Country's* Good,
Their early and unbiass'd Advocate:
(And shall he be their Advocate no more
In *Britain's* Senate, where he spake so well?)

Let STAIR and CORHAM, who are much renown'd
For Feats of high Exploit, be likewise fam'd
For generous Love of *Liberty*, and scorn
Of vile *Dependence* on another's Will.

Can I forbear a tributary Verse
To CHESTERFIELD? Let him, who cou'd endure
No Competition with his *Country's* Love,
Thus rank'd among the choicest of his Time

Re-

Receive the Mention that his Merit claims.

Muse ! lift thy Voice to **QUEENSBURY**, the Friend
And noble Patron of neglected Worth :
Whate'er refines, or sublimates the Soul
Thou may'st desire in him, completely blest
With his fair Consort's heav'n-resembling Charms :
His Consort must be joined with himself
Among thy Friends, celestial Liberty !
For were she backward to thy glorious Cause,
Such is her Beauty, and unequal'd Wit,
She'd captivate a *Cato*, and expel
Ev'ry Emotion but almighty Love.

Let me not **ST. JOHN** unregarded pass,
A Prodigy of Parts ! full well apply'd
When writing in Defence of Liberty
He kindles antient Fervor in the Breasts
Of thousands ; nobly negligent the while
Of Calumny and Defamation base

But

But does not HANMER, who could plead the Cause
 Of *Freedom* well (for his strong *Eloquence*
 Assembled Councils have with Rapture heard)
 Deserve our Blame who thus in *silence* lives?

Not so does ANGLESEY, illustrious Peer!
 Or noble BATHURST; touch'd with high Disdain
 Of *Servitude*, they speak against it still
 With pow'rful Voice. Let MARCHMONT now be nam'd,
 Experienc'd in the Policy of Courts;
 And with him BURLINGTON, the Pride of *Art*,
 Nor BERNARD will I leave unmention'd here,
 Nor SANDYS, of distinguish'd Probity:
 But OGLETHORPE, whose *charitable Love*
 Led him to distant Climes, o'erseeing those
 Whom haughty great ones spurn, the Muse perhaps
 Will celebrate hereafter. Now she longs,
 Ev'n with a kind of Gratitude inspir'd,
 To sing of ORRERY, the firmest Friend

Of *persecuted Merit* : Are not all
 Who have a Spark of *MAGNANIMITY*
 Bounden to him who took such generous Care
 Of *BUDGELL*? *MAGNANIMITY* defends
 Her Children's Thought, and with fraternal Love
 Each makes the other's Benefit his own.
 Hail high-born Peer ! deservedly enroll'd
 Among our first-rate *Patriots*, shining bright
 With all thy *Father's* Virtues ; who still lives
 And bloometh in his *Son* : Thou steadfast Friend,
 And early Advocate of *Liberty*
 In highest Council, where Attention sat
 Delighted with thy flowing Eloquence ;
 This humble Tribute to thy Merit pays
 A young, an artless, but unflattering Muse.

At length she comes to *BUDGELL* : Let not him
 Repining think that he has nought perform'd
 For *Liberty* ; thy Sufferings were for her
 Thou generous Man ! as *CHARLES* for future Kings,

As noble RAWLEIGH, and firm SIDNEY bled,
 For every virtuous Patriot: (Do not all
 Detest their Murther, which shall ne'er again
 Be acted o'er ?) thus thy *transcendent Wrongs*
 Shall save our Children's Children from the like;
Britannia's Senate (if I right foresee)
 Considering thine *Oppressions*, will take care
 That none hereafter under Mask of Law
 Be of his *Freedom* or his *Fortune* robb'd:
 What future Jury will condemn themselves
 To never-dying Infamy, like that
 Which gave the *Farthing-Verdict* * ? BUDGELL thou,
 Devoted for our good, hast *Freedom's* Cause
 Asserted with thy *Sufferings* and thy *Pen*
 And still assertest : We demand no more.
 On thee, as on an Anvil hath been wrought
 And beaten out the Safety of us all :
 So much hast thou achiev'd for *Liberty*,
 That future Times shall rank thee 'mong the first

OF

* See the first Part of *Liberty and Property* Page 88.

Of glorious Patriots: Ev'n in these present Times
 Howe'er degenerate, thoughtless and ingrate
 Thou art not unrenown'd, so much thy Worth
 So great thy mighty Courage, that the last
 The lowest of the Muse inspired
 Seeing thy Virtue insolently
 By sharp Reproach, with Indignation rous'd
 Could not forbear thus in unpolish'd Verse
 To sing of MAGNANIMITY and THESE

F T N T S

Erratum. In the Motto in the Title Page for aliqua read aliquo



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